For what he has he giues, what thinkes he shewes,
Yet giues hee not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath;
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender obiects, but he in heate of action,
Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*, and on him erect,
A second hope as fairely built as *Hector:*
Thus saies *Æneas* one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his ynches: and with priuate soule
Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Nest. Now *Aiax* hould thine owne.
Troy. Hector thou sleep'st awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are well dispo'd, there *Aiax.* *trumpets*
Diom. You must no more. *cease.*
Æne. Princes enough so please you.
Aiax. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleases.
Hect. Why then will I no more,
Thou art great Lord my fathers sisters Sonne,
A couzen german to great *Priams* seede,
The obligation of our bloud forbids,
A gory emulation twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixtion Greeke and Troyan so,
That thou couldst say this hand is Grecian all:
And this is Troyan, the sinnewes of this legge
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my mothers bloud,
Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers. By *Ioue* multipotent
Thou shouldst not beare from mee a Greekish member,
Wherein my sword had not impressure made.
But the iust Gods gainsay,
That any day thou borrowd'st from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal sword,
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax:*
By him that thunders thou hast lusty armes,

Hector